With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Go *Hercules*,
Live thou, I live with much, much more diſmay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'ſt the fray.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caskets, to himſelfe.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head;
How begot, how nouriſhed? *Replie, replie.*
It is ingendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the Cradle where it lies,
Let us all ring Fancies knell,
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelves,
The world is ſtill deceav'd with ornament:
In Law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voyce,
Obſcures the ſhow of evill. In religion,
What damned error but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſneſſe with faire ornament:
There is no voyce ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward ſearcht, have lyvers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnaky golden locks
Which makes ſuch wanton gambals with the wind

Upon ſuppoſed faireneſſe, often know
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the ſepulc
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beauteo
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning tim
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore then,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of
Nor none of thee thou pale and comm
Tween man and man: but thou, thou
Which rather threatneſt then doſt pr
Thy paleneſſe moves me more then e
And heere chuſe I, joy be the conſequ

Por. How all the other paſſions fl
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh imbra
And ſhyddring feare, and green-eyed
O love be moderate, allay thy extaſie
In meaſure reine thy joy, ſcant this ex
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it
For feare I ſurfeit.

Baſſ. What find I heere?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What dem
Hath come ſo neere creation? move
Or whether riding on the bals of min
Seeme they in motion? Here are ſev
Parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends; he
The Painter playes the Spyder, and ha
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts o
Faſter then gnats in Cobwebs; but he
How could he ſee to do them? havi
Me thinks it ſhould have power to ſt
And leave it ſelfe unfurniſht: Yet lo
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wr
In under priſing it, ſo farre this ſhado
Doth limpe behind the ſubſtance. H
The continent and ſummarie of my f

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